the Sides.

SOME FOIBLES OF FASHION

Handsome Costumes Easily Constructed.

POPULARITY OF VELVET

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.



out artificial aid?

THE STIFF INTERlining of skirts is dropping lower and lower, and may slide clear out befor spring. Then what? Will the skirts be permitted to hang in full artistic folds about one's feet, will the superabundance of material be spread out over wire cages, in width till an ordinary woman can carry them around with-

that may help a few women who make their own skirts, and have never been able to have a circle skirt that would not dip

in the back and droop on the sides: "Run all the seams with cotton tape, and add a straight width of cambric down each side, where the large bias curve comes, so as to hold it in place." A dressmaker who turns out dreams of gowns, that never seem to get out of shape, told me that was the way she managed the "plaguey" circular skirt. Popularity of Velvet.

Velvet ribbons have the appearance of

monopolizing the attention, for a time at

Here is an idea about the circular skirt

least, this winter. Skirts will be more or less trimmed, and velvet ribbon will be largely that trimming. It will be put at the foot in the shape of plain bands, sometimes in graduated width, or in rows of three to five.

Velvet will be the popular fabric all win-

Velvet will be the popular fabric all winter, very largely used for sleeves in woolen gowns, for bodices to which sleeves like the skirt will be attached, and for whole suits, to say nothing of jackets and wraps. The rage for velvet will extend even to the head coverings, and, for a time at least, they will all be made of velvet, pushing felt hats far in the background, for fashionable wear. The velvet hats are to be made up "while you wait," and will suit the individual taste, so that no two women the individual taste, so that no two wor will wear hats alike, which is really the proper thing. No woman wants to pay \$20 for an "imported" bennet.



Fur Trimmed.

Next to velvet, fur will be the popular trimming. An odd fancy for capes is especially designed, it would seem, for the working over of one's old furs. You can take one of the old deep fur capes to the fur shop, and, by the addition of a deep fur shop, and, by the addition of a deep border of velvet, or some sharply contrast-ing fur, which will be set onto your cape, the bottom of which has been cut in deep notches, you can have an elegant new gar-ment, and one which is pre-eminently stylish, at comparatively small cost. A rich example of what may be accomplished in trimming with fur is found in the illus-tration, which is designed in green broad-cioth, and has a foot trimming, collar and cuffs of fur. The skirt is a simulated double one, with two rows of buttons, and the skirted coat is set with buttons over a the skirted coat is set with buttons over a gold-embroidered vest.



The Redingote Style.

One can't help rejoiding over the return of the redingote style of dress, for there are so many shapely garments to be fashfor ed on the princess plan, not the least becoming of which are the long close fitting wraps, which may be worn everywhere, and ir to which the most elegant materials enter. One of the simpler styles is a nut brown crepon in the finer weave, which is made with a full godeted back, strapped scams and double breasted front, fastened with buttons of immense size. The French modiste, who designed it, calls it a "visiting" dress, but it is quite as serviceable for a shopping dress, and for traveling. A velvet collar would, of course, be admissible, but plain stitching will otherwise fill the bill for trimming. the bill for trimming.

Ruffles and Belts. Now, that ruffles are come back as a skirt trimming, it is altogether likely that we shall see heavy woolen gowns decorated with machine-hemmed ruffles! Such horrors have been seen in the past, and they will probably be revived. Silk ruffles hemmed on a machine are a perfect nightmare, but if you don't watch your dressmaker, that is just what she will do for you, and often against your direct protest. Don't let her gather your rufles on the machine wither, or stitch them on your dress with the machine.

Belts are as popular as ever, and, of Curse, will remain so as long as the round

ocurse, will remain so as long as the round waists stay in. A pretty fancy for a belt is to make one of rings, crocheted with silk

THE CIRCULAR SKIRT of the color you like, and then join the rings in pointed effect, running the rows with bright-colored ribbons. No buckle with bright-colored ribbons. No buckle should be worn with such a belt, but it should be fastened with a big bow or rosette, the color of the ribbons, with which it is run. The rings should be about an irch in diameter and at least three rows



A Handsome Black Costume The woman who would look smart mus have a black gown, and it must be of hand-

some material with all the dainty accessories in dead black parfially relieved if desired with touches of white. It is to be a winter of "all black," and the most expensive of black at that. An elegant example of all black, which will be worn at an offi-cial dinner party early in the season by a young lady in her second season, is of heavy black-corded silk, with a long French name, though it is made right here in the Urited States, and it has a front of accordicn-pleated black chiffon. The odd little puffing up the front is of the chiffon, and the falling ruffles are of fine black chantilly lace. The chiffon front is made over lustrous white satin, and that is the only thing that relieves the funereal appearance of the young beauty's dress.



Remodeling Gowns.

In remodeling gowns, it will not be a very expensive undertaking to make a very handsome garment, for there is not much change in the skirt, and the bodice may yet remain round. The foot of the skirt may be freshened with a band of plaid velvet, for instance, and the seams corded or strapped with it. Then the belt, sleeves, collar and revers may be of the velvet, which will freshion and brighten an old gown wonder-

An elegant street dress like the illustra-An elegant street dress like the litustra-tion may be designed of dark chameleon mohair in red and black. The belted blouse has a fitted lining, and an odd effect of but-tened down revers and shoulder straps. It festens at the side front, and has lapels and pockets. The hat is a striking example of the new velvet "shapes," and has a simple knot of velvet and ostrich tips for

Love and Tattooing.

from the Waterbury Times.

When young and poor one of the nov wealthy citizens of Waterbury, Conn., loved a poor and beautiful maiden. So much did he love her that he had her name ard a striking portrait of her tattooed on his right arm. Her parents opposed the match, and forced her to wed a rich suitor. The young man vowed he would never marry, and for ferty years he remained a bachelor. He became many times as rich as the man who had wrecked his youth's dream of love. A few weeks ago he capitu-lated to the charms of one of Derby's fair belles, and proposed marriage. She ac-cepted on condition that he should have the tattooed reminiscence of his first passion removed. The sight of the symbol could not fail to prove embarrassing to both. A doctor was called in and performed a painful but not dargerous surgical operation, and the counterfeit presentment of his first large was replaced with an unit scar as a leve was replaced with an ugly scar as a reminder, so he now says, to his soon-to-be bride of the folly of youth.

No Doubt About His Meanness.

From Pearson's Weekly. To the large number of stories of the 'meanest man," which are frequently related, one should be added of a certain Frenchman, famous for his habit of grumbling at everything and on every occasion. He was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him, in spite of his fault finding disposition. His suffering caused her to burst into tears sometimes as she sat by his bedside.

she sat by his bedside.
One day a friend of this invalid came in and asked how he was getting on.
"Badly, badly," he exclaimed, "and it's all my wife's fault."
"Is it possible?" asked the friend, in sur-

prise.
"Yes. The doctor told me that humidity was bad for me, and there that woman sits and cries, just to make it moist in the

Safer Than Lightning Rods. From Pearson's Weekly.

Each day adds some new virtues to the long list of those already credited to the preumatic tire. The latest of these is that the wheels of a bicycle being encircled by a band of india rubber and dry air-which is a perfect insulator-the rider is completely insulated from the earth, and, consequently, is impervious to the attacks of the electric

fluid.

Any one who suffers from nervousness during a thunder storm has now only to go into the dining room or the cellar and seat himself upon the saddle of a pneumatic tire bicycle to be perfectly safe from lightning stroke. As the chances of a man on a bicycle being struck by lightning have been carefully calculated to be about one in a billion, there will, of course, be some pessimists who will deny that this newly discovered virtue of the pneumatic tire amounts to very much.



pounds in a month and a half.'

## PEOPLE WHO FIDGET

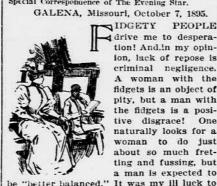
They Unconsciously Make Themselves Disagreeable to Others.

BAD HABITS UNCHECKED

Spoiled Children Often Become Fidgety Adults.

SENORA SARA'S COMPANIONS

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.



IDGETY PEOPLE drive me to desperation! And.in my opinion, lack of repose is criminal negligence. A woman with the fidgets is an object of pity, but a man with the fidgets is a positive disgrace! One naturally looks for a woman to do just about so much fretting and fussing, but a man is expected to

be "booked" for a berth opposite a fidgety man on my journey to this point, and my perves were worn to a wire edge before he eft me in possession of that end of the car. In the first place, there was something the matter with the cushions of the section assigned him. He tried both seats, bounced up and down, punched them, and poked them. Then he wanted the pillows got out for him. The porter smilingly dressed the imitation postage stamps in muslin garb and piled them invitingly in the corner next the window. The pillows settled, the curtains next received his attention, and he had one of the heavy spring shades tumbling about his ears in half a minute. He began to fret, because the Pullmans in their grasping monopoly were putting up inferior cars. The porter smiled, but said nothing, and I smiled, too. He was riding in a Wagner car! The curtain fixed, Mr. Fldget ordered his "grip" brought from the end of the car, describing it carefully, as he had two big ones there. The porter brought it, but it was the wrong one, and Mr. Fldget "dear deared" and fretted till a cross baby behind him stopped shrighting in sheer get "dear deared" and fretted till a cross baby behind him stopped shrieking in sheer despair at teing outclassed at its own

when Mr. Fidget had fished out a handsomely bound copy of Bacon's essays, and
doubled up in his pillowed corner to read,
he began to tap the window with his ringed hand, and the clicking wakened the
cross baby, whose head was close to his
own. Then he nervously tapped the book
with his long fingers; he ran the leaves
through his left hand while he read away,
holding the book with his right. He had a
metal paper knife, and he began to beat a
tattoo on his strong white teeth with it.
He laid his book down and dusted his shoes
with his handkerchief. Scarcely had he
picked the book up when he laid it down
to ring for his other valise, which he rummaged for a clean handkerchief, to find it
in the first one brought to him.

At the place where we stopped for dinner I had to sit opposite him again. He
played with the salt till he spilled it. He
worked geometric designs on the tableleft with his knife range When Mr. Fidget had fished out a hand-

worked geometric designs on the table cloth with his knife, balanced his knife and ferk, broke up his bread and rolled it into round wads, while he nervously talked pol-ities with his rext neighbor.

The Female Fidget.

The female fidget is a holy terror. Both lentists and doctors say that women endure pain with a great deal more fortitude than men, but when a woman does fidget she is werse than a nest of hornets for stirring things up. There was a fidgety woman on the car, too. She was attractively attired and rather pretty, but her dress skirt troubled her, and she spent most of her time adjusting it so that it would not get crushed. The waist was also a source of trouble, and she kept pulling it down. She arranged the fringe of blonde hair ever her forehead at intervals of five minutes, in the long, narrow mirror heads her and pulled her claves on and beside her, and pulled her gloves on and off till she tore off the fore finger of one. she dusted her hat every half hour, always calling the perter to take it down from the hook for her, and she ostentatiously rearranged at frequent intervals all the silver bettler and brice here of her hand brice here. bottles and bric-a-brac of her brand new

collet case.

The lady looked to be a real one, and the man a gentleman, withal, yet those two persons were an annoyance to the dozen others who were forced to travel in close contact with them for one whole day. Gen-tleman and lady though they were, they broke every minute some little law of etquette, for the first and great law of solety is "repose."

If the fault is one of training, and most

likely it is, one ought to rid himself of it before inflicting himself on the public. It is simply unpardonable for a lady to make her tollet in full view of the public, and quite as unpardonable for her to keep ad-justing it, when there are toilet rooms especially provided for that purpose.

Bad Habits Should Be Checked.

It is not always the nervous person who is fidgety-if it were one might forgive the sorry breaks that some of them make-but it is the man or the woman who ought to know better, and would know better than to grow so insufferably disagreeable if only warned in time of the habits taking such a strong hold upon them. They are habits which are formed in youth and should be pruned and lopped off in their incipiency by those who have the rearing of the boys and girls who develop such disagreeable traits. It is unpleasant to sit at table with a child that eats soup audibly, yet it is ten times more aggravating to have to endure the same trial when the child has grown to

a man or woman.

When a child shows a disposition to be "finicky," or over nice about its belongings, or gives itself over to a passion when denied gratification of its absurd whims, then or gives itself over to a passon with a passon in ined gratification of its absurd whims, then is a good time to begin to teach it some good "horse" sense. All mannerisms should be rigidly suppressed, because they grow into eccentricity with age and absurdities with gray hairs. Instead of continually saying before the child that it is "so odd" and so "pernickity," and peculiar, and headstrong, and a dozen other things that are simply tolerable in a child and detestable in an adult, if you were to coerce it in some way or another into doing the right thing you would be making your own path smoother and that of your ward as well. It is the finical child who makes the fidgety adult.

In the case of the man who made a whole In the case of the man who made a whole day miserable for a carload of people with his old-maidish fault-finding, it is more than probable that his mother fed him on the idea that he was superhumanly dainty, and that he should be pampered and catered to till he actually came to believe that the only mission in life of those who surrounded him was to cater to his wishes. The young woman had doubtless been told from her birth that she was "the prettiest thing alive" the "sweetest thing on carth." from her birth that she was "the pretuest thing alive," the "sweetest thing on carth," the pet and pride of an adoring family, and pushed forward by admiring friends, and in order to display all her charms at one sitting she has become a fidget.

The Fidgety Mother.

A man said to me the other day that of all the wearing manifestations of fidgetiness the fidgety mother was the most trying. He said that his mother fretted from the first cold of her first baby to the last time her youngest son sneezed just before he was married, perfectly positive that death was shadowing each and every one death was shadowing each and every one of her nine children, every one of whom was gray-headed and hearty when the really devoted mother passed into rest. "She fidgeted about our dress and studies," he said, "our companions and amusements. Then she fidgeted about our lovers and sweethearts, husbands and sweethearts, husbands and the sheet sheet sheet sweethearts. wives, babies, housekeeping, our outgoings and our incomings, and the dear old soul would be fretting today over her great grandchildren just as she did over us if

the were living."

Mothers can break themselves and their children of this habit if they will, and they ought to. SENORA SARA.

THE NEW WOMAN'S SHOE.

Noticeable Change of Shape at the Prow-Other Peculiarities

rom Shoe and Leather Facts. A contemporary recently, in commenting upon women's shoes for the coming season and the "coming woman," remarked that 'there is a noticeable change of lines at the prow. Although the slender-pointed toe has gained a strong hold upon feminine tastes the idea is, nevertheless, growing that the extremes in these shapes are not good for the welfare of the foot, and in many stances they are far from comfortable. De signers have been busy on new lines in which the sharp tip has been slightly clip-ped, leaving a narrow front, but not a fine point. These have a 'ss pinched and re-



stricted look, and will be popular." In un son with the above statement, which fairly represents the prevalent sentiment regarding this matter, below is presented an illustration of the "New Woman" shoe recently designed.

designed:
In outline this new design is very striking as well as novel, and its almost faultless contour well adapts it to be a success in the line of comfortable footwear, as well as the fire of comfortable footwear, as wen as presenting a fine appearance when worn. This shoe is very handsome when made in a Goodyear welt, with an enameled vamp, blue cloth top, and wide welted seams, and embellished with six large buttons. It can also be varied in construction by making it in polish, either with Russia,

patent or enamel leather vamp and cloth top; or the top may be of leather of a light-er shade than the other parts of the shoe.

DIVORCES IN JAPAN.

They Are Secured With Great Facility -About Mixed Marriages.

ohn A. Cockerill in N. Y. Herald. One great drawback to women in Japan is the facility with which divorces are secured, and against this immemorial custom the efforts of the reform women of the country must be directed. Both marriage and divorce are easy here. In an essay written long ago by the celebrated moral ist Kaibara it is laid down that there are 'seven reasons for divorce," that is, seven shortcomings for which a woman may be put aside. A woman may be divorced if she disobeys her father-in-law or mother-in-law, if she fails to bear children, for lewdness, jealousy or leprosy, or for steal-ing or talking overmuch and prattling disespectfully.
Once divorced, a woman is covered with

Once divorced, a woman is covered with shame, even though she enter into a second union with a man of position and wealth. When a man wishes to be divorced from his wife he simply writes a letter to her advising her to return to her parents. He may write a letter to her father, if he be living, or to her brother, to the same effect, and then he goes to the agrictor's office and reports binnelf a divorced. registrar's office and reports himself a di-

registrar's once and reports himself a divorced man.

A woman may quit her husband with no more ceremony, but she suffers great stigma in divorcing herself. When families break up in this free, offhand manner the children, if there be any, are disposed of by arreament or the arbitration of a mutual friend. Divorces are not frequent among the upper classes, but they are abundant among the laborers and the peasantry. In the year 1816, there were 358,839 marriages in Japan and 116,775 registered divorces. Only about 1 per cent of these divorces originated with women. Husbands and wives use no terms of endearment, and and wives use no terms of endearment, and there are no such things as osculation and

caresses. The woman's duty is to obey in all things and be thankful that she has a home, be it humble or otherwise. While touching the topic of women in Japan, it may not be amiss to refer to the subject of mixed marriages. Many forsubject of mixed murriages. Many for-eigners coming here as clerks and employes, remaining some time, form attachments with Japanese girls which eventuate in marriage. There are scores of foreigners married to Japanese women, and some of them seem quite contented and happy. The women make true and obedient wives, and the offswing of these marent wives, and the offspring of these mar-riages are usually handsome and bright rages are usually handsome and bright looking. I have seen some really beauti-ful half-breed children, but racially the Japanese and the Caucasians do not amal-gamate advantageously.

The children may not be lacking in phys-ique, but intellectually they seem to dwarf.

There is no account of a half-breed Japan-ces amounting to even the proverbial ray.

ese amounting to even the proverbial row of nine-that is to say a Eurasian The Japanese and the Chinese internarry considerably, and the result is an improvement on both races. The worst thing about the marriage of white foreigners to Japanese women is that socially there is a loss all around. Being a proud people, the Japanese do not show respect to their wo-

Japanese do not show respect to their women who marry foreigners.

The husband, if he advances in position and weaith, ultimately finds that his wife has little or no status in white society, and this beges much bitterness and vain regret. The home life of some of these people, I have reason to believe, is very often happy. I have visited homes in which the Japanese wife seemed to the respected and where the wife seemed to be respected, and where the olive-faced children were caressed and loved, but a majority of these alliances are unfortunate and oftimes disastrous.

Take a Hint From Mary.

From Printers' Talk. Mary had a little lamb; You do not look surprised; Of course you don't, for Mary has Been widely advertised.

And something you may learn from this, If you are not a clam: You can be just as widely known As Mary and her lamb.

Your name can be a household word, And you be known so wen.

That folks will confidently buy
The things you have to sell. And when you once have got yourself

A Bird That Poisoned Her Young. From the Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

It has been claimed by observers of birds that some of the feathered tribe will feed their young if they are caged, and if they fail after a certain time to release them will bring them a poisoned weed to eat, that death may end their captivity. About a week ago at the Holstein ranch

About a week ago at the Holstein ranen the children captured a lest of three young orioles, and they were immediately laged and hung in a tree. The mother was seen about calling her young, and in a little while brought them some worms. She continued feeding them regularly for several days without seeming to pay much attention to persons about.

But on Sunday came the tragic ending that demonstrated the theory relative to

that demonstrated the theory relative to birds. She brought them a sprig of green on Sunday morning and disappeared. In less than an hour they all died. The sprig was examined and proved to be the deadly larkspur, a weed that will kill full-grown cattle. cattle.

The little creatures lay dead in the cage

and slightly foaming at the mouth, victims of their mother's stern resolve that her offspring should die by her own act rather than him in cartiell.



"There is certainly a strong odor of to-

THE GIRLS' AFFAIRS

BY LOUISE R. PAKER.

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star. It would be a difficult thing to say exactly when Miss Ann and Miss Hannah Gossage began to figure in the world about them as "the girls," but as "the girls" they flourished, the respect and envy of the neighborhood. The home of the girls consisted of a two-hundred-acre farm and a brick house, the house alone giving them rank above their immediate neighbors. But there was another distinction that the girls enjoyed, they were "own sisters" to SI Gossage, who had "got rich at the commission business." From time to time Si brought his family to the brick house to spend Thanksgiving; occasionally, too, they turned up at Easter, and always some of the town Gossages spent the warm months in the cool delightfulness of the "old place." True, the girls were also "own sisters" to Benjamin Gossage, overseer to

the Carmichaels of Nonesuch.
But Benjamin had been a stubborn boy
and he had grown into a stubborn man.
It was no fault of the girls that he ordered another man's teams instead of ordering his won. Perhaps in Miss Hannah's heart "If wen, Perhaps in Miss Hannah's heart there was a secret satisfaction in being "own sister" to Benjamin Gossage, he was such a "powerful" big fellow, and he couldn't be made to understand how it were possible for a Gossage to come down in the world.

"If I was to put up in a mud house and cook my own victuals. I wouldn't think no

in the world.

"If I was to put up in a mud house and common my own victuels, I wouldn't think no most my own victuels, I wouldn't think no my own victuels, I wouldn't think no my own victuels, I was a fair as this'n, with a hall two feet wider. I have sent little Hanner Gossage to the town school till she knowed more in the teacher and I've married her well."

But there was a Gossage who had come down in the world, no matter what Benjamin might say about the matter; this member of the family was Samuel Gossage, once known as Wild Sam. He had sage, once known as Wild Sam. He had sage, once known as wild Sam. He had sage, once known as wild Sam. He had son the prospect of the town school till she knowed more in the teach that he had sone from had to worse. He had been seen driving a hard of cattle over the prairie. It was generally supposed that Wild Sam had degenerated into a cowboy, and that was the end of him. Some years after the disappearance of Sam Miss Ann received a letter from the southwest, which she treat that Samil Gossage was dead; "Yoo Sam Gossage was dead whe had serious misgivings about the fact. She could not prevail upon herself to feel that keen so.row most good mortals feel over the death of a near relative, even though he isn't as dear as he ought to he stut Benjamin Gossage was to that he had one brother in the commission place, and one briefs of the west. And Benjamin Gossage, who to a lively interest in graves in general, and family graves in particular, listened at tentively to a sister of Mrs. Gossage, who to diame the propose of the fact of the death of a near relative, even though he isn't as dear as he ought to he still be proposed to the proposed that we had been seen driving a here the fact. She could not prevail upon herself to feel

"They jest teck 'em out and bury 'em, without no regular funeral," said Mrs. Gessage's sister, "and hist a palin' fence Gesage's sister, "and hist a palin' fence around the grave. Ef you ever travels cross the prairie on the railroad you're bound to see two or three graves every now and then, lookin' mighty lonessmelike. Some of 'em, it's true," added the good lady, brightening, "is only graves o' the Mexicans, and some's niggers' graves, but you find yourself a-feelin' sorry, 'fore you think o' that, and then thar's white folkses, too, when they ain't gittin' on well. I reckon, Mr. Gossage, as your brother Samuel was buried thataway on the prairie." around the grave. Ef you ever travels cross the prairie on the railroad you're bound to see two or three graves every now and then, lookin' mighty lonesymether. The man from the station put her and her baggage out at the lane gate, and told her to tell her aunts the lane gate, and told her to tell her aunts that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "You run in quick that the box was there. "In when I will show and remaind the lill each of the from that you will sale will sale will be each man and the you

and of a prim pattern.

"When I got the chip basket in one hand I ain't a gunno have my train in the other," Miss Ann had said, as she briskly ran a tuck in the frock she had allowed Miss Hannah to make. You'd best try yourn on before the glass, Hanner, and give it to me while I got the needle."

Miss Hannah's heart had sighed for a frock "jest a mite longer," but she looked at her work before the glass and resignedly delivered it into the hands of her sister.

The farm owned by the Gossage girls was "let," the girls reserving to themselves certain privileges, such as pasturage and shed room for their horse and three cows. Besides this, according to the valuable document that Miss Ann kept under lock and key, brought out frequently to read aloud, the girls held full possession of the orchard. They were, therefore, in very good circumstances and a fit subject for respect and envy.

Fifteen uneventful years had passed since the intelligence of Samuel Gossage's death had been received by Miss Ann, and the girls, continuing to prosper, had changed but very little in appearance. They still spoke with satisfaction of their brother in the commission business and were a triffe more placid in regard to Benjamin's position as overseer. Miss Ann had, in fact, paid a recent visit to Nonesuch, had found Gossage in exceedingly respectable quarters, on "familiar terms with

had, in fact, paid a recent visit to None-such, had found Gossage in exceedingly re-spectable quarters, on "familiar terms with John Carmichael," had had Mrs. Carmich-ael call upon her, and felt altogether as-sured that Benjamin Gossage was a popu-lar and important personage. "Nobody will ever sit down on him," she said, wav-ing her fan and speaking half condescend-ingly to Mrs. Gossage. "He comes of good stock and folks know it."

The girls were contemplating a visit to

stock and folks know it."

The girls were contemplating a visit to Si's wife with the four younger children, and were accordingly in a fluster of preparation, when another event happened. Miss Hannah Gossage received a letter from the southwest. Unlike her sister she carried the letter about in her pocket all day before reading it. That night she turned upon Miss Ann in their bed room, her face looking ghastly in the candlelight.

before reading it. That night she turned upon Miss Ann in their bed room, her face looking ghastly in the candlelight.

"Ann," she said timidly, "Sam wasn't dead that time you got the letter."

"Sam, Samuel Gossage," cried Miss Ann.

"What's Samuel Gossage got to do with us after all these years?"

"He's dead," said Miss Hannah.

Miss Ann backed against her bed and gave a gasp. gave a gasp.
"We must send for Benjamin," said Miss

Hannah.

Hannah.

Two red spots mounted to Miss Ann's cheeks. "Death's a terrible thing," she said, slowly, "and I hate to think everybody's time is bound to come, but Benjamin Gossage has been tellin' folks for fifteen years that Samuel Gossage is dead. I don't see no use of his tellin' it over. I den't see no use of givin' out that his sister lied, Hanner." There was a faint apology in Miss Ann's usually masterful voice. "There's a little girl nine years old," whispered Miss Hannah, feeling for her letter

"A little girl," repeated Miss Ann; then her old sharpness returned. "What's i little girl got to do with me and you, Han ner?"
"The letter's from Sam before he died,"
faltered Miss Hannah "It wa'n't to be
sent till he was dead. He's wantin' us to
take the child; he wants her to meck it

up to us."

Miss Ann's face was hardening visibly. Miss Ann's face was nardening visibly. "I'm gettin' along in years," she said, "and I've always been regarded as the head o' this house. I've done what I could to keep the Gossages where they belonged. I give out that Samuel Gossage was dead when he made a low marriage. Does the letter state as he married a play-actor's daughter? Where's she?" ter? Where's she?"
"Dead," said Miss Hannah, in a low voice. "We'd best send for Benjamin Gos-

sage."

The day after he was sent for Benjamin Gossage walked up and down the parlor of the home place in a perplexed condition. He had got it into his head without much difficulty that Sam was dead; he had accepted a graphic description of a prairie grave in connection with Samuel Gossage, deceased. Not to believe fifteen years afterward that the palings were beginning

to lean inward over Sam's grave was a very difficult matter. "Jest buried last week," he muttered. "Well, well."

Miss Ann and Miss Hannah were also in the parlor, Miss Ann with her head in the air, fanning herself slowly and deliberately, Miss Hannah keeping nervously in the background.

Miss Hannah keeping nervously in the background.
"Buried jest last week, and in a town, too," repeated Benjamin; "well! well! Yes, of ccurse, Hanner, we've got to teli the neighbors. Ann considered as she had good reasons for givin' out his death fifteen years ago, but it kind o' complicates affairs havin' Samuel Gossage a dyin' twice."

"There is no need for Samuel Gossage to die twice," said Miss Ann icily. "There ain't no need fer me and Hanner to raise a playactor's granddaughter."

"Silence!" roared Benjamin; "she's a Gossage."

actor's granddaughter."

"Silence!" roared Benjamin; "she's a Gossage."

"Sam was not a Gossage." said Miss Ann firmly; "he was the only Sibley amongst us. I defy any one to tell me to my face that Samuel Gossage wa'n't a Sibley."

"I will explain to the folks about that it was a family mistake about Sam bein' dead fifteen years back," said Benjamin, running his great hand through his hair. "That'll make matters straight."

"You mean that the play-actor's daughter's child is to be taken in here?" demanded Miss Ann; "that she's to be livin' in this house when Si Gossage sends his children out to spend the summer; that they're to play with her when they're not allowed to play on the streets; that they're to set up to the table with her; that she's to call me and Hanner aunts?"

"I don't see how as it can be otherwise," said the big man.

"And do you know what she'll be like?" went on Miss Ann, shrilly. "You remember Sam, how folks was al'ays taking him for the hirsd hav?"

Sam, how folks was al'ays taking him for

Sam, how folks was al'ays taking him for the hired boy?"
"Ann!" cried Miss Hannah, imploringly,
"Sam's dead."
"I'm talking about him when he were livin," said Miss Ann, sharply. "Samuel Cossage was a disgrace to the name he bore. I couldn't keep him patched. Now, I s'pose you think I'm to patch fet his girl? If she comes into this house, Benjamin Gossage, she comes as a servant. Her father was took for the hireling; she can be it. She can wait on Si's baby; she shan't come a-callin' me aunt; like as no she's a Mexican." Miss Ann was trembling all over with indignation. Even Miss Hannah was a l'ittle frightened.

sister had told her that Mexican girls

sister had told her that Mexican girls were such careless nurses.

Wild Sam's little girl came to the home place very suddenly one evening, when the train was two hours late. The man from the station put her and her baggage out at the lane gate, and told her to tell her aunts that the box was there. "You run in quick and tell 'em that you've come, and are ready fer some'n to eat," said the man cheerily, as ne turned his team about in the road.

was canny folding closer about her, and she rather liked the short skirt, for Miss Ann Gossage had very pretty little feet.

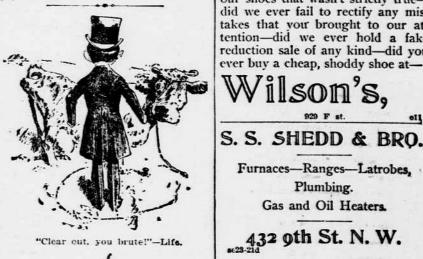
"I don't believe you know who I am," said the little gurl, a pink glow stealing into her rounded cheeks—and Miss Ann acknowledged in her heart that the child's tone was that of a little ledy, lower and softer and sweeter than the voices of Si Gossage's girls—"I'm little Ann Gossage.

As she thus introduced herself little Ann Gossage half laughed, while her big blue eyes filled up and she turned her face to Miss Ann's and twisted her pretty mouth for a kiss. "Papa said you would be glad," she whispered, "and I'm always going to be good."

good."
Miss Ann Gossage never confessed to any
one that she kissed little Ann Gossage twice
instead of once; that she assured the sobbing
child that she was very glad.
"Mind," said Miss Ann Gossage to Si's

"Mind," said Miss Ann Gossage to Si's children the next morning before the weary traveler was awake, "I don't want no talk about sech foolishness as washin' dishes and takin care of the baby. You all are jest a visiting; this little girl lives here; belongs to the home place; you've got to be good to her. You know," added Miss Ann, speaking to Si's wife, "that me and Hanner have decided to adopt the child; you tell the children yourself that she's little Ann Gossage." dren yourself that she's little Ann Gossage

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